

James Barr's QUATREFOIL

drum

sex in perspective

60¢
ACME

August, 1965
Volume V,
Number 6





the suicide

Distraught, a friend of Joseph Overmiller's called Harrisburg City Hall, concerned that Overmiller might either leave town or commit suicide before his pending "indecent assault" case came to court.

Overmiller now lies dead.

A matter of hours before, the Janus Society spoke to 15 central Penna. clergymen, lawyers and policemen, recruiting aid for law reform efforts. Some conservative religious leaders held reform would serve no useful end.

The irony continues--probably the very moment he was taking his life, the House of Lords was recommending sodomy no longer be a crime in Great Britain.

Quatrefoil was first published in 1950, but has been out of print in recent years.

James Barr has authorized its re-release (early Fall) and we have chosen an excerpt from the novel for the feature spot in this month's issue.

We have again called upon Dolphus Smith, Jr. for a story illustration and he has given us his *Fallen Angel*.

This month's cover model is Times Square Studio's Sal Rocco and a second photograph of him appears on page 18.

The comments from our readers about the kinds of material we present are invaluable aides in planning future issues. All those who take the time to write will receive a personal reply from the staff.

the responsibility

We can assume, quite properly, that homosexuals are generally in favor of the goals of the homophile movement: across the board reforms of social and legal attitudes. But a nagging question remains: Why, then do vast numbers of homosexuals fail to affiliate with the various groups?

Many explanations are offered: fear of exposure, general apathy, homosexual conflict avoidance, and unawareness of the movement's existence. All to some extent, are true, however, all place the onus of non-participation upon the homosexual public. A broader view might look to the movement itself for some of the responsibility.

Without discrediting the efforts of the movement to inform the heterosexual public, we feel the organizations must begin short term, homosexual directed programs. These functions are valuable not just for swelling the ranks, but in an effort to become more responsive to the needs of the homosexual community itself. Presently, other than a handful (*continued on page 30*)

drum

sex in perspective

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, no matter how measured or far away."

-Henry David Thoreau

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PHILADELPHIA



Sitko and a Protest

A three hour sit-in climaxed a five day protest demonstration against Dewey's, an all-night restaurant.

According to Janus Society of America President, Clark P. Polak, the action was a result of Dewey's refusal to serve a large number of homosexuals and persons wearing non-conformist clothing.

"The problem began," Polak stated, "when a small group of rowdy teenagers began using the restaurant for a meeting and camping home. The management then instructed their employees to exclude these individuals from the premises by refusing to serve them when they came in. We saw no objection in this; however, the lower level employees became

somewhat over-zealous and began excluding large numbers of persons on grounds other than improper behavior.

"On Sunday, April 25 after over 150 persons were denied service, three teenagers, one girl and two boys, refused to leave.

"The police were called and the three were arrested. We had been keeping our eye on the place all weekend and I was checking shortly after the trio was taken into custody. I walked to the patrol car in which they were seated and informed them that JSA could get them a lawyer if they desired.

"An officer came to the car and asked me what I was doing. I told him. Then, I was arrested on disorderly conduct charges."

Not surprisingly, all four persons were found guilty of the charges.

"Since there is no crime of trespass in the Commonwealth," Polak said later, "we felt the patrons of the restaurant had to be made aware of their responsibilities and rights so if any should decide to protest the denial of service, they would not land in jail.

"There is no crime of trespass in this state," Polak continued, "and it was decided that, regardless of the merits of Dewey's position, we had to act in a manner that would alert the public and prevent as many arrests as possible."

"A specially written letter was printed and distributed to every person as they entered the restaurant. On Sunday,

May 2, the inevitable happened and three more persons were again denied service. They refused to move, but this time



"It Was Inevitable"

when the police were called, no arrests were made."

Robert L. Sitko, coordinator of the project, said: "Before the police went into Dewey's, they asked me for a copy of our handout. One policeman read it and then went over to his partner in the car, explained it to him line by line and then decided that they had better call the sergeant. The sergeant arrived and he decided he had better call the lieutenant."

"A few minutes later, the sergeant went into Dewey's and almost in an apologetic way, asked Clark if he could speak to him for a moment."

"It was a far cry from the previous Sunday," Polak picked up the story, "and I was quite politely told that we could stay in there as long as we wanted as the police had no authority to ask us to leave."

Later, the JSA Executive



Apologetically

Board issued this statement: "It is unfortunate that the problem developed in the first place and we are appreciative of both the police's and Dewey's cooperation, but our action was successful in both preventing further arrests and capricious denials of service."

"Furthermore, to our knowledge, this was the first sit-in of its kind in the history of the United States."

The Penna. SPCA reported its activities for 1964 included initiating prosecutions for: abusing a cow, putting a live fox in a pen with dogs, throwing paint on cats, starving sheep, and sodomy with a dog.

HAVANA

In an article titled: "Revolution and Vices," *El Mundo* of Havana described homosexuals as a legacy of capitalism, and the paper quoted Castro: "The countryside does not produce homosexuals."

The article went on to say "The (Continued on page 19)

HARRY Chess

that man from A.u.N.t.I.E.

← BROWNfinger HAS HAD IT...

BECAUSE A.U.N.T.I.E. HAS TRIUMPHED AGAIN!
WELL... ALMOST, ANYWAY, AS BELOWJOB, THE SADISTIC
HENCHMAN OF BROWNfinger, STILL HAD MICKEY MUSCLE
IN HIS CRUEL CLUTCHES !!! AS WE LOOK IN,
HARRY IS DASHING TO MICKEY'S AID.....

(006878)



AS JUSTICE IS BEING DONE IN ONE PART OF WASHINGTON....ACROSS TOWN A MYSTERIOUS THIEF IS ABOUT TO STEAL THE FBI'S PRIZED HOMO-FILE !!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF PARIS TO THE RIGHT BANK OF FIRE ISLAND, BOLD HEADLINES CARRY THE SHOCKING NEWS TO A STUNNED WORLD....



AT AN EMERGENCY A.U.N.T.I.E. CONFERENCE...

I SAY THERE NOW
FELLAS - WE'VE
AN EMERGENCY.
FELLAS!!
FELLAS!!

FREEKIE FREEKIE

BEEP BEEP

PIERRE PIMPLE
HERE... REPORTING FROM
HOLLYWOOD! FLASH... FLASH...
A FOUR-STAR TINKLE!! THE BIG
QUESTION HERE IS-WHAT GORGEOUS
HUNK OF ASTRONAUT
WAS DISCOVERED MISSING
FROM HIS SECLUDED
BACHELOR DIGS??
HUMMMM?? OVER

AGENT
RUIZ

GASP!!!
NOT
HUNKY DORIE!!!
OUR ACE IN SPACE!

GEE

HUMM

AGENT
SM 99

EMERGENCY!!
THIS IS RASH RHIMM,
MAN! COMIN' IN FROM
SOUTHERN CAL.....
ROCKET SHIP DISCOVERED
MISSING FROM SECRET
LAUNCHING PAD!
MNN... WHAT A
CAMP...
FIVEH

YOU KNOW, FUZ,
THERE'S A
CONNECTION HERE.
FIRST, THE HOMO-FILE,
THEN HUNKY DORIE,
NOW THE ROCKETSHIP!
BUT WHAT CAN
IT BE?

MUST TAKE
A HOT, QUICKIE
SHOWER! THAT
ALWAYS STIMULATES
MY THOUGHT BUDS!
SOAP ANYONE?!

I'LL DROP
THIS WHOLE
LOAD IN
YOUR CAPABLE
HANDS, OONK!
KEEP IN
TOUCH

MEANWHILE, ON A SINISTER ISLAND OFF
MUSCLE BEACH, - THE SINISTER GROPING HAND
IS WATCHING HARRY AND MICKEY ON HIS
HI-POWERED, CLOSED CIRCUIT, TV MONITOR...

DON'T FORGET
THE BIKINIS MICKEY
CAUSE WE'RE OFF
SUNNY CALIFORNIA
TONITE... NOW
JUST A LITTLE TO
THE LEFT AND
LOWER...

LITTLE DO
THEY KNOW
WHAT HIDEOUS
TRAP I'VE SET
FOR THEM!

CAN HARRY AND MICKEY RECOVER THE HOMO-FILE??
ONLY NEXT MONTH WILL TELL-

books

Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure, Albert Ellis, Ph. D., with an Introduction and Terminal Essay by Donald Webster Cory, Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, 1965,

If this new book were to be Ellis' last statement on the subject of homosexuality, we would have cause for a sigh of relief. But he warns therein that he and Cory have yet another volume in progress, and, we are told, this will be an even more complete testament to their shrine that all homosexuals are *ipso facto* neurotic and a significantly large percentage are even borderline psychotic.

In the present volume, in support of his conclusion, he paints the following picture of the male who is exclusively homosexual: "He tends to think loosely and, consequently, to have a great deal of difficulty in making the finer discriminations that are necessary if one is to have adequate social relations. He has an exceptionally low opinion of himself, thinks negatively most of the time, and constantly blames himself and or others." In addition, he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Frequently, Ellis says, the homosexual is anhedonic, a job hopper, has fun only when he is drunk or hopped up on drugs, he is "woefully" dependent on others, "horribly" depressed, and often lonely in a crowd.

The above description, insists Dr. Ellis, is what "one will almost certainly see in

the average homosexual."

On the basis of factual observation alone, Ellis' theory must fall from the weight of its inaccuracies. The trouble is, however, there is enough truth and popular support to his allegations to make them both difficult and unpopular to dispute.

First off, society has a vested interest in the myth of the sick homosexual for by accepting this categorization whole cloth, the issues of acceptability and desirability can be tactfully avoided. The man in the street, often followed by vague homosexual memories and desires, prefers to relegate the "problem" to any areas that are beyond his immediate control. Thus, we see a reliance on therapists and policemen to deal with the millions of homosexual individuals.

From the homosexual's standpoint, adjustment to the seemingly intolerable pressures of society is often precarious and Ellis is not far from the truth in indicating more than a casual relationship between homosexuality and psychologic disturbances.

MORE SEXUAL

Amid our antisexual culture of today, the homosexual is made to bear the brunt of our general negative attitudes toward sex in general. The homosexual is equated, and e-

quotes himself, as more sexual than homo and this distortion tends to exaggerate the whole focus. The homosexual is imagined to be frankly sexual in a non-conformist way when the society is unwilling to accept frank sexuality even in conformist areas.

PENALTIES

If, indeed, there is a significantly higher level of psychological disturbance in homosexuals than in the population as a whole, a culture that penalizes homosexual activity by calling it immoral, illegal, sick, perverted, anti-social, and harmful contributes measurably to this state. That any homosexual ever survives this oblique kind of treatment with a semblance of mental health is a testament to the ability of the human mind to rebound from adversity.

Cory warns in his introduction that Ellis may not be dismissed quickly even if we refuse to accept some of his basic premises. If you are willing to divorce the discussion of sexual reconditioning from pseudo scientific considerations, you will find, as Ellis, Bieber, Bergler, Robertson, et al have found--some small number of individuals are both willing and able to make modifications in their sexual behavior. These modifications are never the dramatic phenomena implied by this book's title, and are mainly variations in degree. Persons with bi-sexual interest can change the balance of their behavior so that a higher percentage, after therapy, is of a heterosexual nature. This is a far cry, however, from taking exclusive homosexuals and converting them into exclusive heterosexuals.

Further, for all individuals who alter their behavior in a heterosexual direction, there is a corresponding number who become more homosexual through use of the therapeutic situation.

Curiously enough, in this volume that promises a "cure" for homosexuality, one of the first rules that Ellis advances for success in sexual re-orientation is accepting the fact that little or no change will come about. "It is," he says, "unrealistic to try to eradicate the homosexual's *desire* for members of his own sex." [Emphasis in original.] What is "realistic," then, one might assume, is to convince homosexuals to perform heterosexually in spite of their desire to do otherwise. One cannot question the accuracy of this position, only its value.

EXCLUSIVITY

For consistency's sake, by this kind of reasoning, heterosexuals are sick because they failed to give homosexuality a fair trial. Further, if, as Ellis allows, the compulsive exclusivity of homosexuality is the danger, then, one could argue, the compulsive exclusivity of heterosexuality is also a cause for concern.

Ellis discusses homosexual aversion to heterosexual sex as if it is a unique phenomenon. Comparable reactions exist within heterosexuals as they project themselves into homosexual situations.

Underlying the entire discussion of change lies the assumption that change to heterosexuality is desirable. But, for most persons, the allure of sexual re-orientation is based solely upon the societal view that their behavior is improper- (continued on page 22)



james barr's
quatrefoil

The Admiral's plane was dropping swiftly. Far below, Phillip could make out the two bridges that linked San Francisco with Oakland and Marin County. Almost directly beneath them were Treasure and Mare Islands, to the left the air field where they would land in a few minutes. Phillip felt a thrill of anticipation when he looked down on the city. Tonight he'd dine in town. Then, if he could still move, and he was sure he would be able to do so, there might be a good show in town, something on the road from Broadway.

He looked at the men around him preparing to land: Admiral Marcien, with whom he had talked most of the way down, and Tim Danelaw, who had treated him with strange impersonal courtesy. Back in the plane, three enlisted men with the files were preparing to land, too. There was some good-natured confusion among them, low-voiced argument over who was to take this or that.

An important factor was that the Admiral liked Phillip. He had readily agreed to Phillip's coming along. All the way down from Seattle he had talked with the boy about a hundred subjects: horse shows, the State Department, Indians, Iwo Jima, oil, and so on. Thoughtfully he selected topics in Phillip's realm, and wisely Phillip gave his comments a modest impersonal flavor, while still employing his native cleverness, enthusiasm and hard-headed practicality in his observations. To Tim's delight, the two had got on famously. It was quite a step for Phillip, into the graces of an admiral. Rightfully enough, he acknowledged Tim as the patron who had executed his fortune. But he refused to attack the problem Tim presented. Phillip knew that his life might now be moving in another direction. And here lay the point that kept him from facing his problem: he could not feel anger or disgust for the man. He knew some change had been wrought in his personality, but he was afraid to learn what it was.

Cars awaited them on the field--one for the enlisted men, the other for the Admiral, Tim, and Phillip. The Admiral's car moved out on the bridge and over the bay, turning down a long ramp to the naval base. There they had breakfast with their host, the admiral who had called the meeting, and another party of officers called up from San Diego. At 0745, without fanfare they were in the conference room ready to go to work.

Phillip sat quietly beside Tim, listening, destined to say nothing, occasionally finding this or that file as Tim requested it. Tim and the Admiral were the enigma of the group, Phillip quickly discovered. While the others talked, the two men listened calmly, breaking in with infrequent comments. And as the others talked, their eyes constantly sought the pair for support or approval. When the time for decision on each point arrived, it was Tim who rose and explained their argument briefly, lucidly, yet always politely. The Admiral spoke only when it seemed that the opposition of sheer gold braid would ride his aide down. And Phillip realized with no small admiration that the pair was well nigh unbeatable. Together they worked as one, commanding the respect of everyone. This was the result of years of co-ordinated planning in Africa, Sicily, Italy, and at Amphib Island.

It was time for lunch before Phillip realized that hours had slipped by and that it was time for still another lesson in naval strategy--this time social politics, which appealed to him a good deal less than the morning's business. At table he found himself seated between two other minor aides. One, an Annapolis man graduated too late to participate in the war, talked to Phillip of Japan with ill concealed envy. The other, a j.g., invited him to a dance at Vallejo that night, but Phillip declined. Their conversation was filled with references to the Navy circles in which they moved. They accepted Phillip as one of their world and told him how lucky he was to be starting with Marcien. Danelaw appeared to be something of a mystery to them, but they were enthusiastic in discussing his tactics at this and other conferences.

When the others questioned Phillip about Tim Danelaw, Phillip had to admit with some embarrassment that he knew nothing of him. How could he tell these men what he knew of Tim? Here, Phillip realized, was an important factor in understanding his own problem with this man. Here was the first of two faces he presented--one to the world, the other to Phillip and those he loved. The thought jarred Phillip, who in his ideal concepts of honesty tried to shape all things so that he need present but one face. Tim's solution was easier, but was it honorable?

They adjourned again and worked all afternoon. It was more of the same business, and though some of the others seemed to grow restless as the hours wore on, Phillip did not once grow weary of it. When they finished, it was dark outside. The Admiral looked as exhausted as Phillip felt, but Tim still looked fresh as they all rose and shook hands preparatory to leaving. In the corridor the Admiral spoke with Tim a few minutes and then left with the two other admirals. Tim came over to Phillip.

"We'll leave for Seattle at 0800 in the morning if there isn't fog. We can go in town to the hotel now."

"Do you mean it's all over?" Phillip asked, a bit disappointed.

"We'll clear up the details by correspondence," Tim said with a smile. "You liked today, didn't you?"

"Yes. I think I like the Navy, at last."

"It's all a matter of understanding it, like everything else."

They took a cab into the city and up to their hotel on Knob Hill. They rode in silence. Phillip's caution began at Tim's first sign of friendliness. He could not help it. They picked up their keys at the desk and entered the elevator together.

"Do you know the city, or would you rather dine with me to-night?"

Still on the edge of suspicion, Phillip read more into the question than was really there. He answered too quickly, "I know it well enough." And he added apologetically, "I planned to call some friends over at the University of Berkeley."

"I see," Tim answered, coolness edging his voice. The elevator paused at his floor. "Goodnight. I'll see you in the morning."

Phillip, suddenly conscious of a strange disgust with himself went up to his room, showered, shaved again, changed clothes,

and went downstairs. He took a cab to a restaurant where he had been several years ago. It was nearby, but he was not familiar enough with the streets to walk the distance. He was half-way there before he realized he had forgotten to turn his key in at the desk. He was completely absorbed in thought. Tim Danelaw had crowded everything else from his mind.

In the restaurant he was given a secluded table. He ordered his gluttonous meal and devoted himself hungrily to the caviar-wet, shining, sooty black, its bitter salt tang awakening other memories--and to the wine that was like the thoughtless kiss of a happy child. For a while his mind freed itself of Tim, but soon it was back to the same topic. He thought of the inbred nobility of the man, the strength and wisdom apparent in everything he did. Unholy as he might be, already he had figured tremendously in Phillip's life. Could he blithely ignore his future without a showdown of some kind? Until now, he had hoped to slide by these next ten weeks without any unpleasantness.

Perhaps it was the food, or the day that had passed, or gratitude for his unexpected freedom, or merely his nature, but when the meal was over, Phillip knew what he would do. Taking a cab back to the hotel, he went immediately to Tim's floor and, drawing a deep ragged breath, knocked at the door. Tim, in shirt sleeves, opened it.

"So you received my message?" Tim said.

"What message?"

"The one I called down to the desk." Tim looked at him narrowly as he entered the room. "I thought I'd assemble some of this data for the yeomen and I left word for you to drop in if you got back in time."

"It doesn't matter. I'm here. Shall we go to work?"

"No," Tim said thoughtfully, "no, perhaps we've done enough today." He crossed the room to a tray on the table. "Drink?" He poured two brandies and added soda. "Couldn't you reach your friends?"

"There weren't any friends. I wanted to be alone a while."

"Then why did you come back?"

Phillip made a helpless gesture with his hands. "Tim, I don't fancy living with the idea of what I may become in five, ten, or twenty years."

Tim nodded. "And what is the answer to that?"

"You have the answer....Now....Here."

"I see. Are you drunk?"

Phillip shot him a scornful glance. "I don't know why, but I can't fight you intelligently. I don't understand you--how you guess my thoughts before they occur to me. Usually men fall into one category--at the most, two. They are lawyers, contractors, doctors, bankers. One expects a certain standard of behavior of them. I've lived in a man's world all my life. I know them well. But you--artist, medico, dilettante, executive. What are you? I respect you. I admire you though I should despise you. But until I know you, I may not be able to live peacefully with mere admiration. Always my mind will tend toward an over-appreciation. I rather imagine that half of this problem amounts to an over ap- (Continued on page 24)

Presenting... the brand new line of CAMP RECORDS RACY...RIBALD...MADLY GAY...WAY OUT!

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6457

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6453

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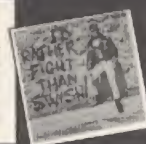


I'D RATHER FIGHT THAN SWISH

Amidst the sounds of motorcycles, chains, and wails of YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, comes a song pertinent to today's world! Wilder, madder, gayier than a Beatie's hairdo! A hot 45 rpm record from Camp Records. Sequel to THE QUEEN IS IN THE CLOSET

A6460

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6456

\$5.98

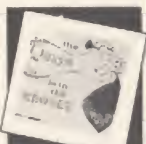


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6450

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Strictly for adults! A racy musical mixture of sex and deep down belly laughs! Musical proof that spiked heels and spiked drinks are a sizzling buy 'gay' combination! 45 r.p.m.

6454

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ask drum

My parents are sending me to a psychiatrist because I am a homosexual, but the doctor says it's OK. Now I am confused. H.R., Wehauken, N.J.

Psychiatrists rarely try to change sexual orientations as they understand that sexual shifts seldom take place during adult life. Of the known changes that have taken place, they are usually associated to some negative experience.

These changes are generally accidental and are as much in evidence from heterosexual to homosexual as from homosexual to heterosexual. They are not predetermined and do not result from a deliberate effort to change.

The homosexual "cures" you hear about (see Books), consist of reducing, or in some cases eliminating, the actual performance of homosexual acts and there is no reason to suspect that the individuals basic desires or sexual response patterns have been altered.

It should be added that even in the few cases of sexual changes toward heterosexuality such changes generally occur

with persons who have previous records of heterosexual experience or responses. When you read beyond the blurbs of the advertisements for books offering homosexual "cures," you will discover that the exclusive homosexual isn't being considered.

The few therapists who have written books about sensational sex cures are not indicative of the majority of therapists who do not attempt to alter the sexual orientations of their patients. A significant number of them feel that no real significance to anyone an individual's sex life is of except the individual himself.

Therapists can act to reduce guilt, anxiety and inhibitions, recognizing that sexual responses, both heterosexual and homosexual, are vital and can be used best by the individual if he can regard them constructively and as an integral part of his life.

I have had a couple of (homosexual experiences), does that mean I am queer? J.L., Fresno

A large number of men and women have homosexual contacts without being exclusive homosexuals. These often occur during periods such as adolescence when the sex drive is high and the opportunity for heterosexual partners limited.

Other men have a positive interest in both heterosexual

and homosexual sex at times or through a major part of their lives. For others, it is just a passing occurrence. There is no reason to assume, taking your question literally, that you are a homosexual.



Readers are invited to submit questions to ASK DRUM, and all will be answered by personal letter or in the column.



(Continued from page 6) virility of our peasantry does not permit that abominable vice. But in some of our cities it is rampant. There homosexuals unite and form a clan." The paper disavowed homosexuals by saying none of them "represent the revolution, which was a movement of he-men."

El Mundo said that the revolution would not persecute homosexuals, but indicated they would be confronted with "revolutionary social hygiene," which has been interpreted to mean that homosexuals will be rounded up and sent to labor camps.

One Janus Society representative was quoted: "In Cuba, the homosexuals are capitalists and in the U.S., they are communists- perhaps we should effect an exchange program."

HARTFORD, CONN.

Donald J. Cantor, a local attorney, told students of the University of Connecticut law school: "Learned and powerful voices, clerical and lay, both here and in England, have been and are being heard for the adoption of laws which recognize that morals and their inculcation are not the province of the state and that accordingly consensual acts of adults in private are beyond the proper scope of criminal law."

BOSTON

Speaking on a bill to legalize birth control in Massachusetts, Cardinal Cushing said: "It does not seem reasonable to me to forbid in civil law a practice that can be considered a matter of private moral-

ity."

MARYLAND

An accountant was sentenced to 10 years in the Maryland Penitentiary today in a case which the Prince Georges County Circuit Judge called the most sordid he has ever seen.

The man, 45, was arrested on Oct. 9, 1964 after police confiscated hundreds of "obscene" photographic slides and thousands of feet of motion picture film.

The convicted man had developed an elaborate card index file which contained information on more than 50 teen-age boys, playing cards, art, letters, and tape recordings.

The judge added a seemingly liberal note at sentencing as he drew a distinction between adult and children sexuality. Said the judge: "What you do with another man is your business, but what you've done with young boys is everybody's business."

NEW YORK CITY

"New York is a heterosexual summer festival," punned a local homophile organization leader as City License Commissioner Joseph C. Di Carlo asked the city's newsstand dealers to stop displaying "smut" magazines.

Without naming DRUM directly Di Carlo said he was particularly disturbed about the display of publications aimed at homosexuals.

CHICAGO

James Day, 51, who killed Richard (Compulsion) Loeb in Statesville Penitentiary 29 years ago, was sentenced to

six months in the workhouse for terrorizing a baby sitter and three youngsters.

Loeb and Nathan Leopold committed the 1924 "Crime of the Century" slaying and kidnapping of Bobby Franks, later retold as *Compulsion*.

Shortly after the boys were imprisoned, Day slashed Loeb to death with a razor in a prison shower. He was acquitted of murder after he claimed he killed in self-defense.

Further questioning indicated that what he had to defend himself against was "improper proposals."

STOCKHOLM

A growing number of Swedish teen-age boys are taking to lipstick, face powder, and wavy, long hair--and their girl friends like it.

The new style for young men has created a sensation in traditionally staid Sweden, but sociologists claim it is a harmless fad that will be soon to die out.

Pretty, blond Kiki Berg, 17, says: "A friend of mine uses his sister's curlers and his hair reaches below the nape of his neck. You can hardly tell him from a girl."

WASHINGTON

Rep. Cornelius Gallagher (D, N.J.) disclosed that the State Department had ceased giving some of its employees psychological tests that included such questions as: "True or False? My sex life is satisfactory," and explorations into the possible homosexual experiences of the applicant.

Gallagher's fight against the tests which he calls: "an insidious and illegal search of the human mind" began when an applicant for a secretarial job in his office told him of

the procedure.

CAPE MAY, N.J.

A secret meeting was held by City Council and merchants to discuss ways and means of discouraging the establishment of Cape May as a "Southern New Jersey Fire Island."

Council has passed an ordinance outlawing skin-tight, skimpy bikini bathing suits, setting fines of up to \$200 for violators.

Since trunks must measure a certain number of inches of coverage, one businessman, according to *Variety*, suggested that each policeman be equipped with tape measure or yardsticks to spot-check suspected offenders.

The Federal government is also concerned as Cape May is the home base for the U. S. Coast Guard Training Center where thousands of teenage boys from across the nation receive their recruit training but removal of the base would pose a larger problem.

"Adding to the woe," pined *Variety*, "is a newly opened ferry line linking the town to Lewes, Del. The gag tags are obvious."

SAN FRANCISCO

Norman H. Krause, the former policeman who claimed to have arrested Republican Senate whip Thomas H. Kuchel on a sodomy charge (DRUM, July) apologized to the Senator in a public letter.

Krause said he was "absolutely convinced that you were not personally involved in any arrest made by me."

"I hope," he continued, "you will believe that my error, though extremely serious and far-reaching, was not made with malice toward you."

Sentence is pending.

LONDON

Lord Moynihan, former Liberal Party chairman scheduled to face a charge of "importuning men for an immoral purpose" died four days before his trial.

A hospital spokesman said the Lord, 58, had died of a stroke.

GREELY, COLORADO

The local school board invited fathers to an "indoc-trination class into the mys-teries of sex for sixth grade boys." After one newspaperman returned home with his sixth grade son, the boy confronted his father with: "Dad, would you help me to buy a motor scooter?"

According to the reporter, he "left it at that. After all, it's a lot easier to explain a motor scooter than a girl."

TAMPA

Circuit Court Judge John Germany withdrew *Candy* from circulation in Hillsborough County, but did not rule whether it is obscene.

The temporary restraining order prohibits the sale of the novel in the county until the court rules whether it is obscene.

SAN FRANCISCO

A group of black jacketed motorcyclists calling themselves *Hell's Angels* have been terrorizing communities in the southern section of California for the last 18 months. The group has been brought to national prominence through the release of a report by the California attorney general's office which has claimed that "probably the most universal common denominator (of the Angels) is their generally fil-

thy condition."

The report alleged that the organization has many homosexuals to which the organization's President Ralph "Sonney" Bargee replied: "We ain't homos."

Then, according to *Newsweek*, "a towering 6' 5" giant in a blue business suit, dark tie, and long hair tied neatly behind him in eighteenth century style, entered and was greeted by whoops and lingering kisses on the mouth by his fellow Angels."

Richard E. Roth, a 210 lb. high school history teacher from Santa Cruz, told a University of California Medical Center conference on sex that his 18 week course for 30 teen age boys on sex covers the entire gambit of human sexuality from masturbation to homosexuality.

He attempts to break down the barriers that usually separate teacher from student in this type of course and permits wide and unfettered use of all so-called four letter words.

"Most adults stand above the locker room and yell down at the kids: 'Hey you down there! but that's not the right way. How many fathers can admit to their sons that when they were kids they masturbated, too?'"

Roth continued: "When homosexuality comes up, a lot of kids are hostile, but some of them are sympathetic. Nine of them said they had been approached, so we talked about how to deal with that. I tried to show that a man isn't homosexual because he puts his arm around you."



(Continued from page 11) per. When they attempt such changes they find that, apart from what society seems to expect from them, they are really quite happy with the rewards of their own position.

The assumed advantages of a differing orientation disappear quite rapidly.

CORY

In Cory's Introduction, he makes a few stinging indictments of the movement he was instrumental in creating. He claims that many of the homosexual leaders are both irrational and self defeating in their refusal to give serious consideration to writers who disagree with their own positions. Though Cory's claim is too sweeping and ignores the core of leaders who are well versed in the behavioral, social and psychologic sciences, his criticism should be heeded by those who would wish to be considered spokesmen and who know little of these topics.

As for his so-called "Terminal Essay," the most that can be kindly said of Cory is that he spends eight and one half pages trying to prove that all homosexuals are size queens.

Ellis has developed a system of psychotherapy called Rational Therapy (RT) and disregarding his claim that it can be used more successfully in sexual re-orientation than other therapies, it deserves the most serious possible consideration. Like Recovery, Inc., RT deals with the here and now problems in an effort to develop within the patient a fresh outlook on life. It differs from more conventional

therapies in that it almost completely disregards deep investigation into the past. He encourages persons to face the day to day problems head on and has structured a philosophy that calls for a recognition that it is not so much the specifics in our lives that cause us concern, but the mental attitudes we have toward them.

DRUM RESTATEMENT

His closing chapter is a restatement of the article he wrote for the October DRUM, in which he says, for instance, that though a homosexual may clearly recognize that he is living in a society that regards his sex acts negatively, there is no reason for the same individual to accept the social judgement and think of himself as evil, inferior, or make other judgements as to his value as a human being.

In these terms, Ellis is one of the most liberal and advanced psychologists writing today for he can, in one breath, say he feels all homosexuals are wrong and, in the same sentence, claim that he intends to both protect the individual's right to be wrong and to refrain from attempting to castigate him for his transgression.

As patronizing as the view may appear, it is a far cry from those who are not quite sure that homosexuals should not be sent to various concentration camps and slowly, if not painfully, eliminated.

It might be said that where others over-complicate, Ellis over-simplifies. He seems to disregard considerations which

include the vital information that sexual orientations do not exist unto themselves and are an integral part of an individual's total value system. He seems to suggest that the value system of a 33 year old man can be altered much like one would change a tie or suit and to think that the choice of sexual object (certainly a firmly entrenched proclivity) could ever be altered with ease and rapidity would be to allow to mankind powers that it has never before demonstrated.

BLIND MEN

We might suggest to writers like Ellis that whatever kinds of "truths" they might express about homosexuals, comparable heterosexual analogies exist and that their positions are vaguely reminiscent of the three blind men inspecting the elephant. Each was sure he found the whole truth while even a combination of all their truths netted less than the elephant himself.



intertel

On April 12, almost a month after it was pre-empted for a special, National Educational Television (NET) broadcast: *Every Tenth Man*, a discussion of homosexuality.

The program, which was seen in several cities including Boston, Denver, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia and San Francisco is produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and was the first such presentation to achieve a multi-city showing.

Certainly the most dramatic portions of the program were of Dr. Albert Ellis (*see Books*) whose comments reflect the view of the general public and, seemingly, the producers of the show.

One viewer's letter published in the *Omaha World-Herald* indicated that he felt this presentation was good enough reason to make NET "a thing of the past" and added, gratuitously, that in his view, "comment on such flithy behavior should be reserved for the latrine or the saloon." Ellis' view that homosexuals are emotionally ill, but the laws against homosexuals' behavior should be stricken from our current legal system, is a more humane sentiment, at least.

-C.P.P and B.L.

credits

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 Pages 2 and 28: Rinaldo Brevi, Furkastrasse 39, Basel, Switzerland
 Page 12: Dolphus Smith, Jr.
 Page 32: Models, 14 Park St., Andover MA 01810

Catalogs generally available from photographers at \$1.00 each.

quatrefoil

(Continued from page 16) preciation on the part of its victims. Do you see what I am driving at?"

"Not clearly. Go on," Tim said calmly, swirling his glass.

"There is something discolored in my personality, something that drives me in an inverted direction. You sensed it the first time you saw me. You saw it again at lunch with the Admiral the next day, and again in the hospital. You showed me two destinies. Maybe they are the same. Mediocrity and disaster. Is that right?"

Tim nodded.

"I preferred mediocrity. I still do. But how can I accept one without knowing of the other?" He paused, watching Tim closely, trying to calm himself.

"Go on," Tim said brutally.

"You offer me a challenge for the challenge. . . . Well, now, I am ready, too. If your philosophy, or whatever it is, makes sense, now is your chance to prove it."

"And do you think it makes sense?" Tim asked harshly.

"I think it is vile. It can be disguised with words and emotion, but beneath any surface you put on it, it is as corrupt as anything on earth. This is your chance and mine to stand free of each other for the rest of our lives. Once you said I would have to stop running and fight. Now I am ready."

Tim drew on his cigarette and put it out. He put down his glass.

"So you're ready to gamble with disaster, as you call it. Suppose you lose? What then? Are you really willing to accept the consequences? Do you even understand them?"

For a moment Phillip wavered. Then his chin came up slightly.

"I don't think I will lose, Tim," he said softly.

"You speak of vileness very glibly," Tim answered tightly. "If only you knew how vile--" But seeing the look of triumph on Phillip's face, he did not finish the thought. "You want me to back down now, don't you? To leave you free to go on with your life as it is, lulled with another half-victory?"

For a moment they studied each other as two duelists, their first salutations over, their blades in thirsty readiness.

And Tim said, "The victory is yours, Phillip. I make it an easy one for you so that it may serve you the longer. Once more you stand head and shoulders above everything else on the field." He smiled wryly and walked back to his desk where the only light in the room burned.

Phillip's shoulders sagged and his lips twisted with puzzled words. He had overplayed his hand. Tim had merely withdrawn. He had not fought. Nothing was settled.

"I--Tim, I--"

"No?" Tim asked mockingly. "You don't want your victory?" He turned slowly on the boy. "It carries no spoils, does it, Phillip? No pain, no suffering, nothing to make you feel superior. It's hollow this way, isn't it? I was wrong about you, Phillip. You're no savage. You're a beast endowed with a bit of reason. You are a cat, bringing down what you want,

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ripping out that with which you would fill your belly and leaving the rest to carrion hunters. I'm damned if I'll give you that satisfaction!" With difficulty he brought himself under control and said, "What did you expect me to do after you pranced in here liquored to the gills to fling down your precious challenge?" Turn off the lights, turn on the soft music, take you in my arms and fondle you as I would a woman?" Tim laughed, mimicking Phillip's tone perfectly, "Now I'm ready for you, Tim. Here I am. Seduce me. And let me show you what a fool you are." Tim's voice plunged. Suddenly his voice grew quiet. "I think you'd better go to your room, Phillip. And you are right. Now we can stand free of each other for the rest of our lives."

But the boy did not move. He stood trembling by the tall open window, half feeling the fog, half-conscious of the noises of the traffic far below. He steadied his glass with both hands and looked down into it. He had never been so ashamed of himself in his life. But he forced himself to speak.

"All right, Tim. I'll go. As usual, I've rushed into a situation--" a vague hint of irony touched his lips--"And as usual there isn't an angel in sight. There is no victory for me. There will never be so far as you're concerned. It's all yours."

He had not heard the man cross the room but when Tim's hands touched him, he looked up into the face above him, kindly once more.

"I was unnecessarily harsh, Phillip," Tim said gently. "Forget what has been said. Would you like to give me a hand with this work for the Admiral?"

"If you want. But first, answer me one question: What's wrong? Why do I spoil everything I touch?"

Tim smiled sadly. "It's a very common fault these days, Phillip," he said simply, "you have no heart."

"And how do I go about having one?"

"You'll have to figure that out for yourself, I'm afraid."

"Are you sorry for having helped me so far?" Phillip asked.

"Sorry? I don't know. At any rate I'm glad it stopped here."

"But don't you see," Phillip burst out, "it hasn't stopped here for me? It's worse than ever. You've destroyed my reason for living. I don't want it to stop here."

"Then prove it." Tim's voice was almost lost in a flare of noise from the street below.

"But how can I--" The man's expression stopped him. Phillip recognized one of the major decisions of his life. He was out-classed on every point. He could run away, or he could make the best of the one situation he could not alter.

Tim took the glass from him and put it on a console nearby. Phillip's gaze wavered and dropped until it rested on the man's hand still on his arm. The boy touched it uncertainly, then lifted it, and, bending his head, pressed the palm against his lips, feeling the warm cushion of flesh, the tips of the blunt curving fingers brush his cheek lightly. It was a gesture of humility, containing the core of his pride. And the small harsh sound that escaped his lips was as if swift sharp pain had struck him.

"Are you very afraid, Phillip?"

"Very afraid," he whispered.

There was silence between them and Tim moved away, back into the dim room as if giving him a chance to change his mind. Phillip followed him with his eyes, seeing him pause and turn to look back. The atmosphere had changed. Between them there was now only the inevitable. Slowly strength concentrated in Phillip's muscles, yet a gentleness pervaded him, too. His body felt hard and clean; only his chest moved. His mind, so filled with his precious ideas of a few minutes ago, now felt like a quantity of broken glass. The portrait was becoming reality.

He saw Tim approach and stop before him and gently brush his hair back from where it had fallen over his forehead. His touch was comradely, fatherly, and Phillip shuddered slightly. In the shadows of his face, Tim's eyes glittered like onyx. Then Tim's hands, the jaws of a vise, gripped his waist, lifted him from the floor, higher and higher until he floated over the pavement hundreds of feet below. If, in the seconds to come, his body went plummeting down through the fog-laden air, he would feel no fear, for Phillip knew that at last his years were justified--that the first cycle of his personality was at last completing itself, releasing him to other cycles to be lived. With this moment some distorted thing frozen into his boyhood began to melt. To live on without this relief would be hideous. So, with his hands on Tim's forearms, he steadied himself and waited. He understood Tim's action in lifting him now. The man was declaring himself in a rite as primitive as tribal mankind. He was making his bid for dominance and the responsibilities and privileges it carried. Phillip could offer no feat of strength to surpass or equal it, and relative values did not exist at this time. This was an exhibition of power that Phillip could understand. By it one would lead; one must follow. This was right, but--more important--it was indisputable. Then Phillip felt himself being lowered into a world of incredible satisfaction.



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happiness

is a new lover.

is being asked if you charge.

is being cruised by a chicken.

is a butch blind date.

is finding out your boss is a drag queen.

is having a vice squad cop for a lover.

is seeing a "bitch" go home alone.

is seeing an "ugly sister" make out.

is waking with a beautiful stranger.

is being hung.

is finding out it's only a heat rash.

(for men) is being marooned on an island
with 16 dikes and Rock Hudson.

(for women) is being marooned on an island
with 16 dikes.

is an ex-lover with crabs.

is a Fire Island franchise for KY.

is a gift subscription to DRUM.

-Bob Luther

clippings

Send all clippings, cartoons and photographs from news media dealing with sexuality, homosexuality, censorship, obscenity, etc to DRUM. When doing so, please be sure to include the name of the paper and the date of the clip.

These efforts on the part of our readers augment our professional clipping service and measurably add to our news items.

editorial

(Continued from page 3) of gay bar owners, a few book sellers and perhaps, the publishers of DRUM, no one seems to be concerned about these needs.

The San Francisco Mardi Gras Ball (DRUM, May), for instance, was an active step towards removing the cloak of mystery and intrigue surrounding homosexuals acting in a purely social manner. The benefits from this kind of program transcend the immediate joy of the event, for from it, the participants and citizens generally can feel less uneasy about being themselves.

In direct contradistinction, other organization events fairly shriek with a denial of homosexuality as an entity and homosexuals as human beings. In constantly associating the movement with the essentially true, though not altogether useful view that homosexuals are identical with heterosexuals in all areas other than that of choice of sexual object, the individual homosexual is further alienated from the groups designed to attract him and isolated from the community at large.

Presenting homosexuals as disguised or slightly different heterosexuals is not altogether productive for what might be termed heterosexual enlightenment, either, for the same person who may feel the laws deserve revision will, if not given an opportunity, find second thoughts about public affairs at which homosexuals dance, drink alcoholic beverages and, possibly even dress in drag.

If the homophile groups can serve a specific function, today, it can be seen as uplifting the average homosexual's view of himself and providing responsible means through which his individuality can be demonstrated not as a rebellion against the traditional role of society, but as an affirmation of dignity and self-respect.

-Clark P. Polak



homophile organizations

The groups listed below represent what is collectively known as the homophile movement. The purposes of each group and the methods they employ to reach their goals often differ widely, but the paramount objective of all the groups is to improve the social and legal status of homosexuals and others of deviating sexual orientations.

Each state should have at least one homophile organization to help coordinate legal reform and to promote human understanding of homosexuals and homosexuality. The Janus Society of America is prepared to provide details on the qualifications necessary to begin a homophile organization to all wishing them.

Janus Society of America, 34 S. 17th St., Phila. Pa. 19103
Phone: (215) LO 3-9414

Athenum Society, Box 2278, Miami 1, Florida

+Citizens News (P), Box 792, San Francisco, Calif.

Demophile Center, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Mass. 02114

*Daughters of Bilitis (L), 1232 Market St., San Francisco
441 West 28th St., New York, N.Y.

+Mattachine Society Inc., 693 Mission St., San Francisco

*Mattachine Society Inc. of N.Y., 1133 Broadway, New York

+Nat'l League for Social Understanding, 8214 Sunset Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

One, Inc., 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90006

*Philadelphia Mattachine Society, Box 804, Philadelphia, Pa.

+Society for Individual Rights, Box 5526, San Francisco

*Washington Mattachine Society, Box 1032, Washington, D.C.

Albany Trust, 32 Shaftesbury Ave., London W.1, England

Arcadie, 19 Rue Beranger, Paris, France

Assoc. for Social Knowledge, Vancouver 9, B.C., Canada

C.C.L., 29 Rue Van-Praet, Brussels, Belgium

C.O.C., Postbus 542, Amsterdam, Holland

Committee on Social Hygiene, Box 392, Stittsville, Ont., Can.

Der Kreis (P), Postfach Fraumunster 547, Zurich, Switzerland

Forbundet af 1948, Box 1023, Copenhagen, Denmark

Forbundet av 1948, Box 1305, Oslo, Norway

Gay Publishing Co., (P), 980 Queen St. E., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Homophile International 134 S. Woodside, Glasgow, Scot.

I.C.S.E., Box 1564, Amsterdam, Holland

Minorities Research Group (L), 41 Great Russell St., London

R.S.L., Box 850, Stockholm, Sweden

Tidsskriftet, Box 1840, Copenhagen, Denmark (P)

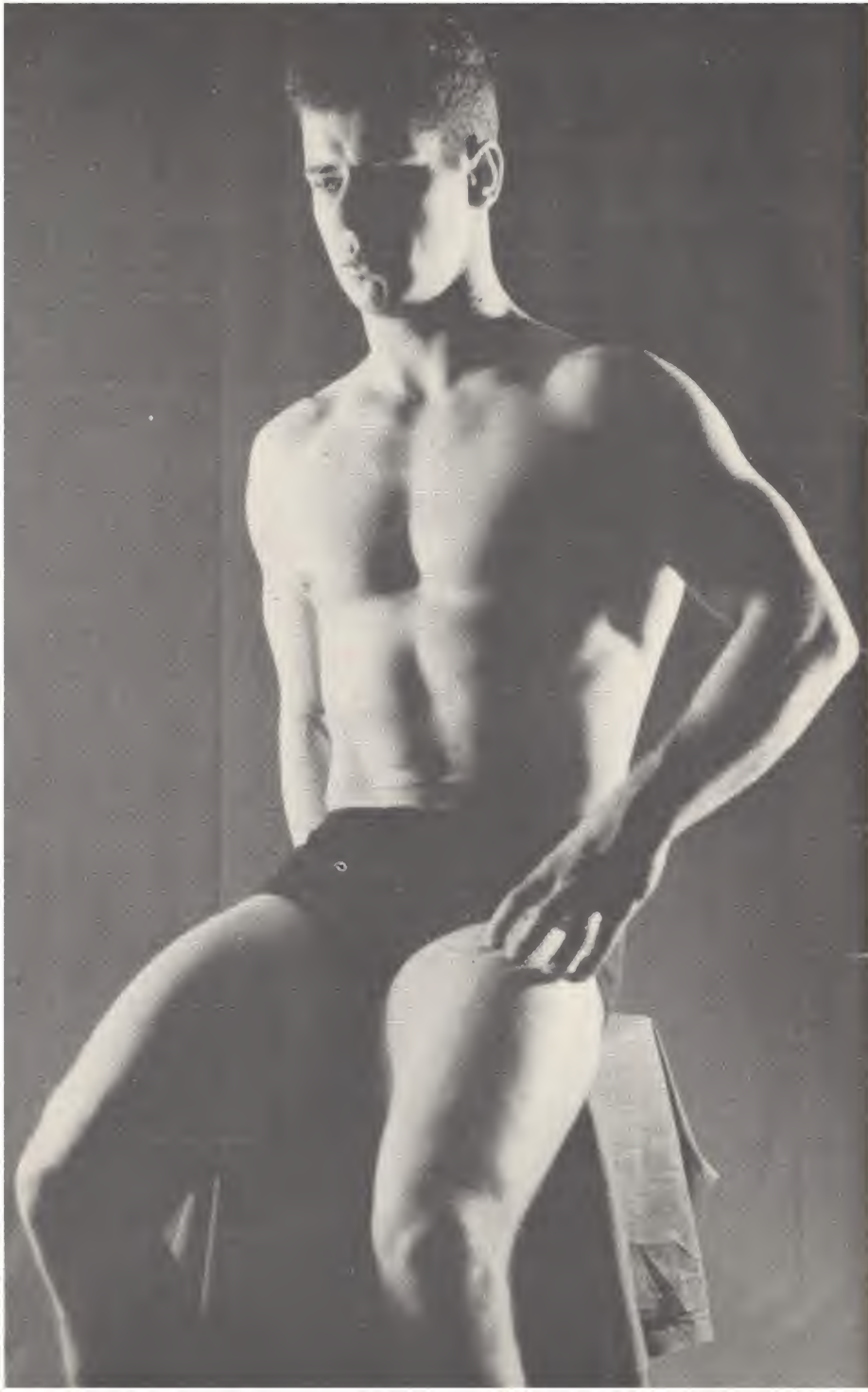
Vennen, Box 183, Copenhagen K, Denmark (P)

*Member of East Coast Homophile Organizations (ECHO)

+Member of Council on Religion and the Homosexual

(L) Exclusively or primarily lesbian

(P) Publication only or primarily



dear drum

appalled

I am appalled at the unbelievably inaccurate and driving reference to my book, *Jonathan to Gide* (DRUM, June) by your editor.

If the illiterate idiot who wrote this had deliberately tried to pack as many mis-statements as possible into one sentence, he could hardly have done better, viz.:

1) Garde does not classify anyone as "homoerotic," but only *includes* those who have been "referred to in responsible printed works as being homosexual, or of homoerotic temperament, or of having had homosexual relations on occasion," as stated most clearly in my Introduction.

2) Insofar as I express myself personally on the matter, I most explicitly state on the same pages that I personally have strong doubts about some of them belonging. (Washington, however, happens *not* to be one of the doubtful ones.)

Equally appalling is the way you altered what was an article, which I happened to see complete, into a drastically cut letter in which you lost the whole point. The point was that the accompanying photograph was taken at just about the time Washington had what was probably his only overt homosexual relationship (with frontiersman Christopher Gist) and probably got caught in some manner. (He tries to get himself killed riding around recklessly courting his death at the Monongahela bat-

tle in 1755).

This is in direct contrast to the actual sex with an obscure person about whom he probably felt nothing but gratitude and respect. YOUR MORON SURE DID LOUSE THIS UP!

I enclose, with my compliments, that which would forestall the only valid question: the prior printed citation of Washington in a work called: *Homosexuality in the Lives of the Great*. Noel I. Garde, N.Y.

Garde's "prior printed citation" is from the notorious series of "Little Blue Books" that were published sometime ago in Girard, Kansas. Other titles in the series included: *Belle Starr*, *Bandit Queen*, and *How to Conquer Stupidity*. -Ed.

god

I enjoy reading the letters sent in by readers of DRUM. I hope by reading of others' experiences, I may somehow live a more quiet, free life. Prayer hasn't helped--homos don't belong in church--according to the Bible, God destroyed a city because of Sodomy. I can not believe God would condemn a homosexual. If God didn't want him that way, he'd find a way to change. H.R.E.

"Homosexuality as such, dare not be any more strongly depreciated than the status of existence which we all share as men in the disordered creation that exists since the Fall." Helmut Thielicke, *The Ethice of Sex*. -Ed.

non-conformity

It appalls me to hear fellow homosexuals condemn their own kind for non-conformity, the non-conformist meaning, in present gay society, the fem, the swish.

We, more than any other group or force, are responsible for the present gigantic revolution in manners, mores and expression. All this, not as homosexuals organized or institutionalized, or even as a bona-fide "group", but because we are what we are.

It seems to me, in our present state, branded criminal, psychopath, sick, subversive, threat to civilization, destroyers of religion, that instead of licking the boots on our would-be executioners and condemning our swishers, we might at least give them the credit for having some guts that the rest of us tragically lack. P.E.B., Pico-Rivera

armed forces

All homophile magazines have the same point of view. They insist the U. S. Government should abolish the laws concerning homosexuality in the Armed Forces and allow homosexuals to partake in any branch of the U. S. forces without censorship.

Allow me to state here that I wish to give the U. S. Government a pat on the back, and hope they continue to enforce these laws. I am sure you think I am a heterosexual or a nut. For your benefit, I will inform you that I do not consider myself a heterosexual, and according to my psychiatrist, I am not a nut.

Let me give you an example. Contemplate you have not eaten for a week, enter a grocery

store and find you cannot purchase anything for you have no currency. This without doubt would be very difficult to control. You would go mad, and devour all you could, even knowing you would be apprehended and sent to jail. Now, imagine a homosexual in the armed forces with the only view he sees is men, 24 hours per day, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year.

I am ready to state that no homosexual could endure this type of life and without doubt would at least fall once to his desires, which would be harmful.

In spite of the fact that I would very much like to serve my country in its armed forces I believe I can serve it better by being a good citizen at home.

Before we undertake the task of moving mountains of law, let us begin with the beginning. Let us focus our demands for the benefit of all homosexuals, male and female. We should not only be asking, but demanding that all states abolish the now present laws concerning acts between two consenting persons, and make these acts legal.

The next step would be to demand the government to keep its nose out of the individual's sex life, and allowing him to take private employment without censorship.

These two steps may take years to become a reality, but I am sure that homosexuals will not be accepted into the armed forces until these present attitudes are completely gone. P.D.C., Waterville, Me.



classified

Rates: \$5 for up to three lines of copy; \$1 each additional line; \$1 for use of DRUM box number where required. Unemployed readers may place situation wanted ads for a \$1 service charge when space permits. Payment must accompany all orders. Five insertions for the price of four.

Write: DRUM Classified, 34 S. 17th St., Phila. PA 19103.

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WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM CHICAGO area persons interested in beginning a homophile organization. Box 603

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